

CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 3

DECEMBER 16, 1927

No. 4

FAVORITE SPORT IS TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

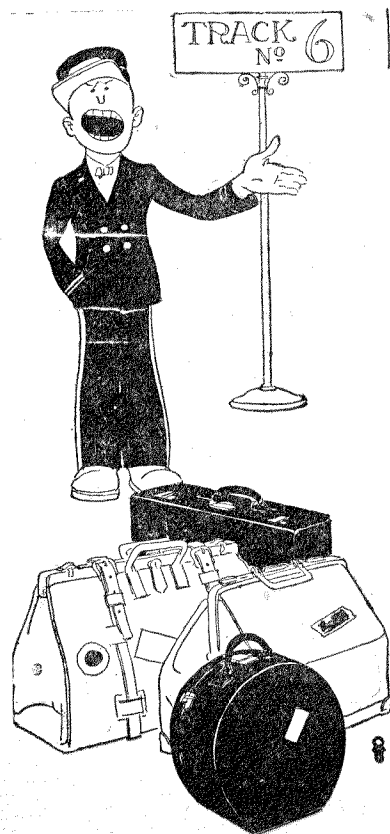
Make Hiking One of Your New Year's Resolutions

Do you have that tired feeling? Are you suffering from insomnia? Can you pass the smile test? Do you wake up in the morning all worn out? Won't even your best friend tell you what's the matter?

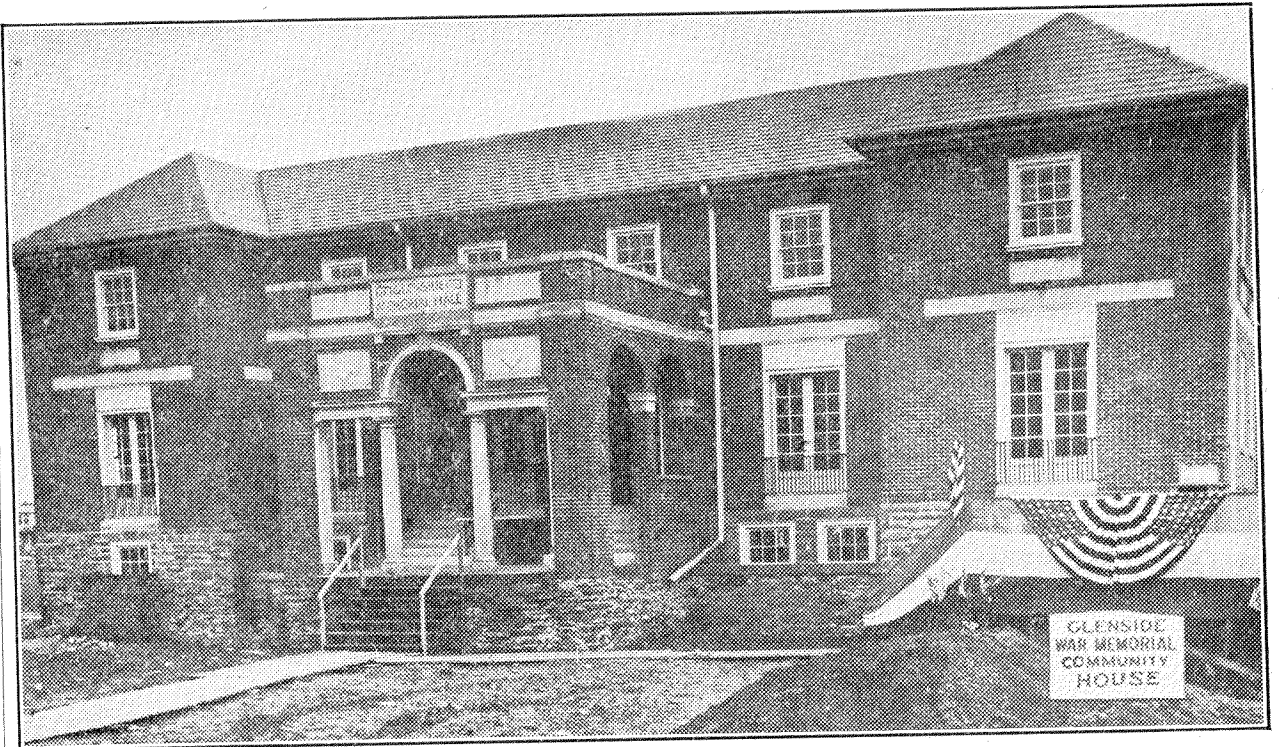
Join our hiking contest, guaranteed to be a quick and sure cure. A brisk walk is just the thing these cold, snappy days to restore your pep. If it has slipped your mind over the holidays just dig among your valuables, until you find the last issue of the "Crier." Just clip your little picture and the directions for the hike which accompanies it, and get back into your old life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. You've two weeks before the next issue of your paper. You have the whole Christmas vacation to get in training. We've made the hikes short and have provided enough entertainment along the way so that we are sure that you will find your time doubly well spent.

Be sure to look for the above pictures on the hike—remember what we're giving to the one that locates the most of the scenes—a Packard roadster—or did we say a wheelbarrow?

The contest will be concluded on March 1. First and second prizes will be awarded at chapel service.



HIKERS' GOAL



Locate the Picture—Win the Prize. Route of Hike On Page 7

HOORAY! SANTA CLAUS WILL SOON BE HERE

You'll Get a Present Don't You Fear

Big time ahead!

The student Government gives its annual Christmas dinner party on Thursday at six o'clock!

All are invited to attend. The dining room will be decorated with wreathes and holly berries and Santa Claus. The entire College is to arrive in formal attire. We are going to have a good dinner consisting of all the things that college girls pine for. After dinner there will be songs and dances and Santa Claus.

If you've been good and studied your lessons Santa may bring you a bag of candy, an orange, and something else. When all the gifts have been bestowed and the hour of seven or eight has struck we will all gather around and sing ye goode olde Christmas carols.

Dorothy Smith is general chairman of this affair, Nancy Cook is head of the dinner committee, and Evelyn Grenier is in charge of entertainments. Gertrude Meyer is an associate chairman and in charge of the party in the new building.



Mrs. Porter had the misfortune to slip on the icy steps on Sunday and fracture her right arm near the wrist. Faculty and students extend their sympathy.

LARGE TURNOUT FOR BASKETBALL POSITIONS

New Coach Predicts Big Season With 17 Games Listed

Training rules were doled out to sixty try-outs for the Beaver College basketball team. Miss Roberta Shafer, the star forward, and captain of former Beaver basketball teams, has a new position of coach this year. Miss Shafer was added to the teaching staff in capacity of physical education teacher this fall.

According to Miss Shafer, the material for the forward position looks unusually promising, with Margaret Dunn, last year's varsity, Betty Wells, sub-varsity; and three fast newcomers: Thelma Thomas, Dorothy Hall, and Edith Wilson. Miss Wilson has already shown speed and dexterity, playing left inside on the varsity hockey team this season.

Both '27 varsity guards, Dorothy Wuchter and Irene Ried, are back. Miss Ried, who was captain of the hockey team of 1928, is a veteran of several years standing, both in hockey and basketball. However, Eileen Steele and Henrietta Watts, stars during the hockey season are running in close competition for the varsity position.

Nance Cooke, the last year's varsity jumping center, a three letter girl, starring in hockey, basketball and tennis; and Elinore Krips, last year's sub-varsity player, and ex-hockey backfield, are being led a merry chase by Marion

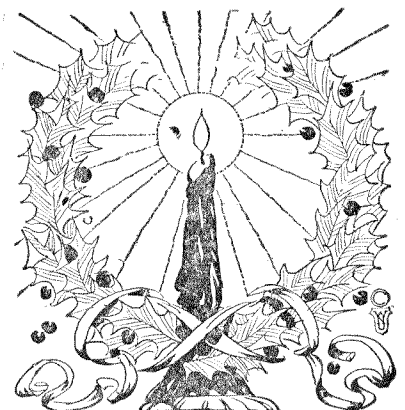
(Continued on Page 7)

LIVE DOLLS PERFORM IN CHRISTMAS PLAY

The fourth annual Christmas performance of "The Toy Shop" was given Tuesday evening, December 13, in the College gymnasium. It was supervised by Roberta Shafer.

This year the scene opened in front of a toy shop in New York City, two days before Christmas. A little girl and boy stared longingly at the toys in the window which they were too poor to buy. The play

(Continued on Page 7)



MERRY
CHRISTMAS
and
HAPPY
NEW YEAR



Campus Crier

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Editor - MARTHA BAER
Associate Editor, BETTY MATTHEWS
Society Editor, CATHERINE MERRITT
Literary Editor,

FLORENCE ENGELMAN

Art Editor - VIRGINIA HENRY

Music Editor - BETTY MORRIS

Business Manager, PERYLL PREUSS

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FAYE LITTELY

Special Reporters,

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DECEMBER 16, 1927

CAMPUS PROBLEM

All those in favor of having fifty-five minute periods say "Aye." The Ayes have it. How about it. Mr. President and Faculty?

Most colleges, for example, Yale and Wesleyan, have forty-five minute periods. The University of Pennsylvania fifty minute periods. In the hour periods we get no relaxation between classes, the period is drawn out and the students lose the pep which they would have if the time were shorter. For another thing, it takes time to get to class and the teacher is kept waiting until the entire group is assembled and time is lost.

However, if we had fifty-five minute periods, there would be time to relax and get to the classroom on time. Delay would be avoided and work would be started on the minute. Let's have a five-minute cut!



The Staff wishes to express its sympathy for Miss Martha Baer, former editor. We hope that she will soon be back again with her Staff fully recovered from her extended illness.

OUTSIDE OUR WORLD

Sometimes we wonder if the college girl is not missing much of the important knowledge of today. Students everywhere are patiently pursuing the works of the past and at the same time the majority of them are forgetting to keep in touch with the world of today. The students forget the newspapers, magazines, books, and modern works of high literary value that are being published each day.

They go out into the world ignorant of current events. They can not converse on important subjects that are up before the public at present. Business and literary persons who are well informed on all modern issues and work, think that the college students of the present are simply wasting time at school.

There are many spare moments in which the students can read newspapers and magazines. Each student should make it a point to keep in touch with the present age. College students should develop into leading citizens of our country, and at college they should prepare for the great task.



OUR ADVERTISERS

There exists in this community a group of men, many of them unknown to the student body, but who are nevertheless vitally important to this publication.

These men are our advertisers. They rent space in this paper in order to put their goods before you. They pay us money that enables us to publish this edition for you. Subscriptions play only a part in the financing of this publication.

It has always been the aim of the "Crier" to urge its readers to patronize the advertisers. They advertise here because they expect you to justify that expense by trading with them. Patronize them and when you do, mention the "Crier." If you prove to them the money paid for their advertisement has not been a loss, they will return year after year. It is only by their regular return that the "Crier" can continue to be published every year.

Remember the "Crier's" policy of reciprocity and help the business manager secure more advertisements.



HOW TO PICK A ROOM-MATE

Look at your prospective Room-Mate. If she is pretty it is a good sign; for beauty means that there may be a future date for you here. If you cannot find a beauty, and I know how scarce our group is, try to get a room-mate with good-looking clothes, about your size. No girl should reject a chance at a rotating clothes tree. Besides, to say one rooms with a "clothes horse" has its advantages.

Eliminate all snorers, singers, bosses and Physical Ed. students. Notice the girls who get phone calls and food packages, for they always prove most interesting. A girl who is in all your classes and is always prepared makes a handy room-mate.

Room in a single!

Kay Clark.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES.

Forget the slander you have heard,
Forget the nasty unkind word,
Forget the sneer that caused a "bruise,"
But DON'T FORGET to pay your DUES.

Forget the frown upon the face,
Forget the time, forget the place,
Forget the cause of most the "blues,"
But DON'T FORGET to pay your DUES.

Forget the slight you may receive,
Forget the act that may deceive,
Forget the whispered slanderous news,"
But DON'T FORGET to pay your DUES.

Forget the slight you may receive,
Forget the act that may deceive,
Forget the whispered slanderous news,"
But DON'T FORGET to pay your DUES.



INTELLIGENCE TEST NO. 1001

(No fair answering when no one is looking.)

1. What color is macaroni? Answer yes or no. If your answer is yes, move over five spaces to the right and rest in the safety zone.

2. Why is the world round? If you know the answer put X on the attached coupon. If you can't find the coupon do it anyway.

3. Why do all roads lead to Rome? The correct answer is "Love Conquers All." If you did not guess it draw a line diagonally across the page. Now erase it. Erase it again.

4. Why go to college? If when you come to this question you are a married man or woman put your counters in the box and start over again.

5. "After Every Meal." Don't let this fool you. There are tricks and trades in every line.

6. How much is 6 plus 2 minus 13? The answer is Coolidge.

7. Merry Christmas. Skip over this one.

8. How high is up? If you see a question mark after this go in a corner and yell "Pung!" If you can't find a corner put on your new hat, stick out your tongue and say "Ah-h-h" till we say stop. The winner is a genius.

9. Are you an angel or devil? Cross out both words and substitute any you wish. Answer yes unless you want to be penalized for holding 15 yards.

10. Make up your own ten questions for a test of your intelligence. That makes you a Moose.



When old Doc Happiness comes to your home

Don't walk away and leave him alone—

Give him a welcome and a glad hand

And let him see that you understand.

His profession and trade is being kind,

And happiness is a state of mind.

He carries five remedies in his case

To help you win the happiness race.

Faith is the first he hands out to you,

Faith in the tasks you have to do.

The second is trust in the friends you make,

Trusting always for happiness' sake.

Thoughtfulness comforts a friend in need

Making remedy three for the Happiness Creed.

The fourth is a definite goal for aye

Something to work for from day to day.

Love is the greatest of the five,

Love for friendship's sake to strive.

So when Old Doc Happiness leaves your home—

Heed his remedies—don't leave alone.

Learn them and try them and take them to heart,

Sincere in your efforts for each separate part.

C. Merritt.

Vox Fem

I do not think I am unusually dumb but I fail to see any sense to the serial story now running in your paper.

Ye Reader.

The editor of Have You Heard has a brisk and cheery style. We'd like to have more by her.

Vox Pop.

The person who wrote up the hockey games was pretty clever in selecting a different leading paragraph for each one.

Cub Reporter.

A noted improvement in jokes.

Serious.

We notice a number of new contributors in the columns of the Campus Crier—and the old ones growing better. We are becoming proud of our campus newspaper.

Member of Faculty.

How many people think of editorials? Of those few, how many read editorials? Really, gentle reader, a lot can be gleaned from an editorial. It is not only the poor editor's outlet of feeling but it is thoughts well-expressed on facts and fantasies of the day. You credit my rally to the help of the Editor, why not help improve your mental powers by reading something beside the social news and the jokes?

Query.



WASTED ENERGY

Boy bobs, bobbed hair, shaggy hair, hair half long, hair in a knot—which is the height of ambition? Every day the girls decide to let their hair grow; every night they decide to cut it again.

They save money on haircuts for a few weeks (and spend it on mar-cels. Then they cut their hair and wish they hadn't, and I let it grow again!

Oh, and the impossibility of getting hair through the awful stage where it sticks out and hangs down.

Why not wear wigs, long wigs with a knot low on the neck? That would eliminate nights of worry and days of trying to put up hair which can't be put up anyway. It's a good suggestion but no one will take it. People will continue to let their hair grow for ever and ever and always curse the awkward stage but never do anything about it. The world is queer that way, it has lots of energy to spend on kicking but very little to spend on curing the thing it kicks about.

Oh, turn the page, here's moralizing.



WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!

Final word by Gertrude Stein in The Dial for September: "Loving is loving and being a baby is something. Loving is loving. Being a baby is something. Having been a baby is something. Not having been a baby is something that comes not to be anything, and is a thing that is beginning. Having been a baby is something have been going on being existing. Not having been a baby is something not being existing. Loving is loving. Not having been a baby could be everything. Having been a baby is something. Being a baby is something. Loving is something. Loving is loving. Not being a baby is something."

This is what Dryden called "torturing one poor word a thousand ways,"—not to mention the baby.

It also recalls the exclamation of a character in Shakespeare's King John: "Zounds! I was never so be-thumped with words."

(Reprint, Stuff and Nonsense.)

THREE BECLEX PLAYS

A comedy, a tragedy and a pantomime were presented by the Expression Department of Beaver College, under the direction of Miss Gladys Evans, on Wednesday evening, December 7.

The first, "A Minuet," the tragedy in one act, was portrayed at the time of the French Revolution. The scene was the Bastille. The Marquis, a haughty aristocrat, awaited death with bored composure. The Gaelor, who furnished the comic relief, informed him that a lady wished to see him before he went to the guillotine. Whom could it be? Surely none of the fair ladies he had known would have the courage to come and his wife—not caring for his fate. A powdered, exquisite person entered—his wife, after all, come to die with him. He showed surprise. They talked of their days of courtship, and they recaptured their old love for each other. The Gaelor boisterously announced the arrival of the executioner, and happy in their newfound love, but without a trace of "middle-class emotion," they went serenely forth to die. The effect of this play was greatly enhanced by Helen Milburn's soft violin accompaniment.

During the intermission Miss Mardian Cadmer sang.

When the curtain lifted, it disclosed a very different scene: the exterior of a cottage. At the side of the stage sat Alice and her Uncle Edward. As the pantomime proceeded, it was explained by these two. Gelsamino was losing the love of his pretty wife, Columbine, through his indifference. She promised to elope with the "Man of the World." Harlequin failed the villain and reunited Gelsamino and Columbine with the aid of his magic wand. The Clown and Pantaloon were the hit of the play. Margaret Parry's piano accompaniment followed the action of the pantomime perfectly.

Doris Penfield appeared during intermission and recited "A Yale Story" and "The Seven Stages of Man." She proved to be as clever a reader as an actress.

The third play was a comedy with a light but complicated plot, involving burglars and romance. Ireta Watson and Hazel Kough took parts very different from those of the preceding play. As Francie and Ronald, the heroine and hero, they repeated their former success. Betty Davenport was amusing as Ronald's rich and autocratic aunt, from whose shawl Francie contrived her frock. Benson, her butler, who aspired to burglary, was played by Lorena Rodgers, and Jim, his fellow-crook, by Grace MacConnell. The action took place in the apartment of Myra, a social reformer. Of course, all's well that ends well, and, after many complications, the lovers were left in each other's arms.

Miss Evans and the Expression Department received many congratulations for the excellent acting and staging. This department improves yearly, and we are sure stage favorites of the future will trace their beginnings of their dramatic careers to Beaver College.

CASTS

A Minuet

Marquis, Doris Penfield.
Marchioness, Gladys Wallgren.
Gaelor, Mary Carwell.
Violin accompaniment, Helen Milburn.

A Harlequinade

Alice, Meredith Scott.
Uncle Edward, Mary L. Wills.

Columbine, Bessie Teplitz.
Gelsomino, Katherine Weaver.
Man of the World, Lillian Allis.
Harlequin, Eleanor Annett.
Clown, Hazel Kough.
Pantaloon, Greta Watson.

A Frock for Francie

Francie, who loves adventure, Greta Watson.

Myra, a social reformer, Eleanor Steinbach.

Mrs. Gardiner, Ronald's Aunt, Betty Davenport.

Ronald, engaged to Francie, Hazel Kough.

Jim, the man with the gold teeth, Grace MacConnell.

Benson, Mrs. Gardiner's butler, Lorena Rodgers.



OFF THE PALETTE

On the afternoon of November 16, the Art students, following an annual custom, were conducted by Mr. Nuse through the Water Color Exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia. We wandered slowly through the galleries, listening to Mr. Nuse's comments on, and criticisms of the pictures displayed.

We started with the Summer School exhibition, which was mostly oils, glanced at the permanent exhibits, and recognized our old friends of the comic strips in a room devoted to cartoons. Then came the main galleries filled with water-colors, black-and-white washes and pastels. We noticed a familiar face and discovered a self-portrait of Mr. Nuse, in pastel. By the time the final galleries, containing a small collection of miniatures, was reached, many had fallen exhausted by the wayside. The verdict was that Exhibitions, while most improving to the mind, are a trifle hard on the feet.

Not so long ago, mysterious white foot-prints were noticed leading

down the hall to the studio. Those who traced them, drawn by curiosity, discovered the Art students, headed by Adelaide Arnssen and Co. in the midst of casting hands. Willing subjects were easily found, and prepared for the ordeal by having their arms and hands coated thickly with vaseline, after the fashion of a Channel swimmer. The hand was then arranged more or less gracefully on a cloth colored plaster-of-paris and water poured on it, and left to harden. The victim always grew apprehensive at this stage; one member of the faculty was quite alarmed when a sympathetic bystander informed her that she would have to sit with her arm in the cast for about three hours. However, it took only about twenty minutes until cast and hand were carefully turned over together and the latter slowly extricated, leaving a hollow mold of itself, which was filled with white liquid plaster-of-paris and set aside to harden. In a few hours the process of chipping began. This was done with any small sharp instrument that could be found, and was not, we regret to say, very successful. The casts cracked and chipped and when Mr. Nuse was seen to actually throw one of our cherished efforts into the studio wastebasket, we gave up and decided to stick to painting.

ART STUDENT



THE FRESHMEN

As I was walking down the hall
I saw a trembling mass.

The greenness of it attracted me,
Behold! It was the Freshmen Class.

I tried to show their ignorance
By asking a question keen,

They made no move nor did they speak

But grew a shade more green.

STUFF AND NONSENSE

A Magazine of No Importance

A Christmas gift that costs only a dollar, is delivered in twelve monthly installments, is not likely to be duplicated, and cannot be bought from stores, newsstands, or Sears, Roebuck & Co.

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JAMES FOX



Have You Heard That--

A bell rang as the hands of the clock pointed to eleven-fifty. Excited voices were heard everywhere, and gay laughter rang out. Girls dressed in soft fur coats and small hats rushed down the steps carrying hat boxes and bags. Everyone was excited, the Thanksgiving Holidays were just beginning at Beaver.

A number of girls were leaving for New Jersey. Mildred Shafer was leaving for Plainsfield, where she visited "Dutch" Browne.

"Peg" Thomas was having the good fortune also to be leaving for New Jersey to spend the holidays with an aunt.

Filomena Console was off to New Jersey to visit friends in Asbury Park.

Margaret Bitterman and "Eddy" Caballero were thrilled to death because they were going to spend the holidays with "Eddie's" sister in Red Bank, New Jersey.

Margaret Roof was leaving with Alice Roof for West Hartford, Connecticut, to stay at Alice's home.

There was another little troop who was bound for New York. "Dove" Moll visited "Lil" Castle in Brooklyn.

Esther Schadt and "B" Pierce were both going home, and they were hoping that their parents would take them over to New York.

Marion Anderson was talking excitedly about her visit to aunts, living in Washington, D. C.

"Bessie" Singleton was planning to spend part of the holidays at college and the other part with Marion Wells at Pottstown.

"Dottie" Mirtz was evidently planning a good time. She was taking Grace Peacock and "Gert" Myer to her home in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

"Trudie" Schwentker was both busy getting ready to go home and inviting several of the girls to take Thanksgiving dinner with her in Drexel Hill.

"Dot" Smith, Student President, headed a list of about twenty students remaining at the college during the holidays. While those leaving were dashing madly to the train, this little group was happily chatting about the Thanksgiving dinner and dance that was to be held at the College.

"Dick" Steel couldn't go all the way to West Virginia, but she was fortunate enough to have her mother meet her in Philadelphia. "Dick" says she is just wild about staying at the Bellevue!

Helen Milburn visited her sister at West Point. Helen had a lovely time celebrating Thanksgiving by attending the Army-Navy game, and a dance at the Astor in the evening.

K. Moos visited at Englewood and also went to Ridgewood to see Betty Wells.

Betty Schmertz went to Atlantic City.

Doris Stroll spent the holidays at Hagerstown, Maryland.

Edith Gleason was fortunate enough to visit two places—Hackensack and Trenton, New Jersey.

Alice Ryder had Sally Wright as her guest in Cobleskill, New York.

Dot Bayless took K. Marquette home with her. Friday they went to Roxy's, and also saw the show, "Good News" during the holidays.

Betty Wells spent Thanksgiving in Ridgewood, New Jersey. Betty is another one of the lucky girls who went to Roxy's.

Dottie Dana went to Wilkes-

Barre, Pennsylvania, for the holidays.

Dutch Brown had her weekly romance at Plainfield, New Jersey.

Helen Corcoran spent Thanksgiving in Newark, New Jersey. She also saw the Army-Navy game.

Hazel Grubb spent her vacation at her home in Williamsport. Grubby can always have a good time wherever she is.

Wilma Evans had one of her good times at the Westfield Country Club dance during vacation at her home in Plainfield, N. J.

Milly Storch is back with us again after her operation and rest at her home in Summit Hill, Pa. We are glad to have you with us again, Milly.

Peggy Palmer had the nicest time in New York during vacation. She saw "The Desert Song" and had more fun riding in the subways!

Nance Cooke was at her home in Maplewood, N. J. The "Desert Song" must be a popular show for Beaver, Nan saw it too.

Marian Wassley must have had a wonderful time! When she tried to tell us—she stuttered. At any rate she was at her home in Kingston, Pa.

Ida Hughes spent the first part of her vacation in Washington with her sister, Florence Hugh at National Park and the last part at her home.

Irene Dudley and Verdie Bitterman had a wonderful time in Philadelphia at the Penn-Cornell game.

Dottie Brevoort and Sarah Lightcap spent their vacation at Dottie's home in Lodi, N. J. They didn't quite get to the Army-Navy game, but they did have a wonderful time.

Helen Wenger spent the vacation at her home in Chambersburg, Pa.

Gertrude Clark was at Atlantic City, N. J., with her brother at his home. Gert had an exciting Turkey Day experience!

Eleanor Frank cheered, as usual, at the Army-Navy game.

Peggy Beach and Kay Johnston saw the Pitt-Penn State game during vacation. Poor Kay had a terrible upset. We're glad you're back with us!

A birthday party was given Ruth Connolly on the evening of November 29 by those at her table. She received several lovely little gifts.

The Hall of the Powell House on the last day of the week before vacation was a sight for well eyes. Great and uplifting inspiration struck the girls to make that large colonial hall into something liveable—so immediately Dottie, Sarah and Caddie rumaged wildly in the mysterious cellars of the college, with the help of Mrs. Jones. After a frantic search, humble and ancient furniture was unearthed. A table, which was laboriously dragged up the steps from under the gym, upon reaching the driveway, was met by Mrs. Sutton, and making right about face, trotted back where it came from.

So it went. One disappointment followed another, but undaunted the girls faced their troubles and came out victorious and shouting with the following articles, quite free from moss and rust: two tables, three chairs and one mirror. The paint was kindly donated by the painter (not the plumber) and work began. Sarah (the dummy) wore a span clean Home Ec, outfit and came out sadly spattered. Dottie strutted a shrieking orange smock and Mary Frances had on a stunning smock belonging to Lois, at least six sizes too small for her. The others wore various costumes

of more or less ridiculous nature and Dr. Thomas and Miss Buhrmester bossed the job.

Now everything's painted up, looking pretty spoozy and you are all cordially invited to inspect the finished task. It was a job, but take a look, and you'll find it was worth the work and now it's worth the fun.



Faculty Notes

Yes, the Thanksgiving holidays are over and we are back at college to get rested up for the Christmas holidays—now, isn't that nice?

Anyway we know what we did from the twenty-third to the twenty-seventh, but how about the faculty. How did they while away the hours?

Well, gather around, mes enfants, and I will uncover the dark secrets for you.

Miss Hall spent the holidays with her family in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Zerbuchen devoted her time to her husband in N. Y.

Miss Hill "did the rounds" at Atlantic City. We heard that Miss Clark also attended a lecture there but most of the time she made her headquarters at the college.

Doctor and Mrs. Thomas went to visit their married daughter in York, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Palmer took a little trip up to New Haven, Connecticut, and had a big reunion with her son at Yale. Her other children were also there.

Mrs. Porter, Miss Lewis, Miss Shafer, Miss Paulhamus, Miss Haganir, Miss Buhrmester, Miss Peck, Mrs. Harder, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Weston, Dean and Mrs. Ryder, and Mr. and Mrs. Dodge helped "keep the home-fires burning" here at the college.

Since their return the faculty haven't been idle by any means. Besides trying to bring to minds their numerous teachings, which had sadly wandered during vacation, they managed to find a little time for activity.

Miss Walton chaperoned Dorothy Smith and Mary Perry to the Y. W. C. A. conference at Carlisle.

Mr. Wallace has been duck hunting at Deal Island again.

Miss Taylor entertained informally last Friday evening at her home. Miss Buhrmester and several students from the college were present.

Miss Paulhamus went over to New York on Saturday to meet the boat which was to bring Mr. and Mrs. Victor Jones, formerly Miss Peg Tope, a past student of Beechwood. Mr. and Mrs. Jones have been abroad on their honeymoon. Typhoid fever forced them to prolong their stay.

ALUMNI NOTES 1927

Mrs. Jones, who was Peg Tope, has returned from Europe.

Betsy Roth is teaching near Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Margaret Paul is teaching in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Virginia Shafer is at Northwestern University.

Ruth Mattes of South Bend, Ill., is not staying at home.

Martha Greer is teaching in Virginia.

Jeanette Anderson—now Mrs. Carqueville—is living in Highland Park, Ill.

Ann Welsh is now teaching in Maryland.

Ann Carrington Brown is teaching in Huntington, West Virginia.



THE COLLEGE GIRL

Her eyes are blue for good old Yale,
Her lips are Harvard hue,
Her golden hair with its band of black

Are Princeton's colors, too.
She wears Chicago's old maroon,
Ann Arbor's maize and blue—
Because to fifty college men
She's trying to be true.

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Best Quality Chocolates in

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Something-or-Other or The Madness That Follows the Mystery Mosaic

(Continued from last issue)

The candle burned low. Arthur kneeling by his father's bedside leaned over to catch the faintly whispered words of the dying man. "My son," said Ronald, "You have heard the tragic story of my life—how I failed to get the rose, how my lady's love strangely grew cold after I lost the Mosaic diary, how she finally married the French nobleman Roche, and I in despair married your mother. Even she died and left me alone when you were only three years old. If you should chance to meet the old man by all means get the rose for him so that your life may be happier than mine has been." Ronald sank back gasping.

"Father, forgive me," cried Arthur, "Now I know why you tried to discourage my love for Rene Roche—I didn't know that it was her mother—"

The dying candle flickered, cast wavering shadows on the richly tapestried walls.

"Of course I forgive you, my son, my only wish is for your happiness. Will you promise—everything is dark—Arthur!—has the candle gone out? I can't see you—"

Long after the room had grown dark and cold Arthur knelt beside the bed.

There were many mourners at the funeral, but there was one man who was a stranger to Arthur. An old man with a long white beard, a rather horrible, rather pitiful figure. When every one had left Arthur threw himself on his knees beside the flower-laden grave for a last sad farewell. A small gleaming object, brighter than the flowers among which it nestled, caught his eye. He picked it up, opened it.—The Mosaic Diary! Many times he had heard his father describe it. A dark shadow fell across the grave and a voice shrilled, "As your father did before you, so shall you spend your life in quest of the rose of your lady's heart."

He looked up,—with a shout of demoniacal laughter the Old Man with the long white beard turned and disappeared. Arthur rose and squared his shoulders. The enthusiasm of youth is hard to dim.

That night he sat with Rene in the moonlit garden of her home. Rene of the black hair and flashing eyes, a gay crimson rose behind a tiny ear. "Rene, will you give me that rose?" Arthur leaned closer, closer, looked into her shining eyes and was lost. "Rene you are so beautiful!" he murmured.

Kingdoms have been lost and won, men have died, and women have sold their souls—all for a kiss. Arthur lost his chance to obtain what he most desired, the rose of his lady's heart, for following the kiss, with an angry toss of her head Rene fled into the house.

Broken-hearted, Arthur returned to his empty home. His father was gone. Rene didn't love him. What had he to live for now? He threw himself across his bed and soon fell into an exhausted sleep. The next morning he was awakened by someone knocking heavily at the door. While he was still wondering who the early messenger might be, John, his old servant, entered and smiling, handed him a small white square. Arthur's heart leapt when he saw the delicate handwriting. Had Rene

forgiven him? The note read: "If you would prove your love, bring me the rarest perfume of Araby. Then I will give you the rose."

Araby, romance, adventure, danger, spice-scented air! He would go to the end of the earth for Rene.

"John," he said to the old servant, "we leave England to-day on the first boat that is sailing for the far East."

The first boat happened to be an old freighter, dilapidated and hardly sea-worthy. After much arguing, the captain agreed to take Arthur and his servant if they would be willing to work as part of the crew.

Arthur and John donned rough sailor clothes and at sunrise the cumbersome vessel sailed out of port. Many times in the next few days Arthur cursed himself for a fool. The work was hard and the food was poor, but at night when he lay on the deck, watching the stars, thoughts of Rene would come to him and he would vow to find her the sweetest and rarest perfume in all Araby.

One night when they were somewhere off the coast of Italy, the captain ordered his crew to lower the sails. "We're in for a nasty wind," he warned. "He must be crazy," thought Arthur, "everything is dead calm." An hour later the sea was lashed into a writhing fury. Mountains of water rose and broke over the old deck. Howling wind, beating rain, now and then a blinding flash which lighted up the terrible scene.

They were driven miles off their course. Arthur thought that the storm would never abate. Suddenly, there was a sickening crash which shook ever timber of the old vessel!

(Continued in our next)

The Book Shelf

Three weeks ago Silas Marner Tom Sawyer, and Richard Carvel went to Rome. There they occupied Room 13, the one with the Blue Window, in the House of the Seven Gables. Dombey and Son were also there.

One afternoon while chasing the Will O' the Wisp they met the Old Adam. He was reading T. Tembarom and was going to the Crossing. They joined him and heard about The Adventure he had had at The Red Mill. It seems that Pollyanna had been Kidnapped and was being kept at The House of the Whispering Pines. Her captives were Three Wise Fools who had been helped by The Mad Carews. Then Right Off the Map the Three Musketeers happened along. They decided to be the Defenders of The Good Woman. It was at this time that old Adam Bede came along. He was known as The Sea Devil. He sounded The Bugles in the Night. A Hue and Cry went up and soon The Army of the Potomac arrived. By this time our heroine had escaped and was hiding behind The Barberry Bush on Chivalry Peak. The Culprits were Punished. Two of them are now dead and They Say that When Ghost Meets Ghost Certain Rich Men will be discussed. But That is The Old Story, which is told Now East Now West.



THE CAGE

I never loved it all the years
I had to stay,
And often longed with bitter tears
To get away.

But now that I am free to go,
It's very queer
The place that I had hated so,
Is almost dear.

CHRISTMAS TIME

I'm bein' good as I kin be,
Cause ma an' pa—they said to me,
That if I ain't real good they bet
When Christmas comes, that I
won't get
No presents. So I'm bein' good
Just like a regular feller should.

At night I say my prayers, an I
Don't shout when sissy boys go by,
An' I don't tease my sis no more,
An' goin out, I close the door,
An' clean my feet when I cum in.
You oughter see my folks all grin!

I spose when Christmas time is o'er
I won't be anxious any more
To see how clean I keep my face,
And then I'll scrap, an' fight, an'
chase
The kids that don't do what they
should.
But, gee, it's 'tuff to be so-o good!!



THE DEATH OF WILLIE

'Twas the forty-third of May
That our Willie passed away.
He died harder than he ever died
before.

He was sitting on a chair
But he didn't like it there
So he left it, and he died upon the
floor.

We could tell that he was dying
By the color of his breath.
We could see the blossom nipped
within the bud.

And the Doctor said the only
Way to save the boy from death
Was to stop the circulation of the
blood.

So we gently bathed his head
In a boiling pot of lead
And we laid our darling Willie
down to rest.

But it surely was a shame
For that night a burglar came
And stole the mustard plaster off
his chest.

So he turned upon his side
And blew his nose and died
And sneezed and blew his nose and
died again.

No more upon the mat
Will he play with pussy cat
But his spirit comes to haunt us
now and then.



IF

If I were an editor
I'd wear red checked sox
And cross my feet so they'd show;
I'd sit down carelessly
And informally discuss my own
importance—

What I'd done, what I was going
to do.

I'd make daring suggestions
About drinking, and all night clubs
To shock the young innocents
What hung upon my words.

I'd puff out my chest and say
"When I waited for J. W. to die"—
I'd give them helpful hints on
writing;

Some I'd never followed.
I'd joke but be supremely superior.
If I were an editor and wore red
sox.



HANDS

Hands!
Some birdlike, soft and fluttering.
Some large and capable. Some
clean. Some dirty. Nervous hands.
Restless hands. Hands with a purpose.
Hands without an aim in
life.

Well-kept hands. Those to make
beds and sooth fevered foreheads.
Hands merely to hold jewels and

prom favors. Passive, resigned
hands. Harsh cruel hands. Under-
standing, sympathetic hands.

What kind are yours?

Kay Clark.



SOLILOQUY

To eat, or not to eat—that is the
question;

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to
suffer

The teasing and jibes of a pesky
older sister,

Or to take another piece of pie,
And by taking it, eat it?

To die (sister baked it);

And by a sleep, to say we end

That stomachache and the thous-
and pains

A pumpkin pie eater is heir to—'tis
a consummation

Devoutly to be guarded against; to
sleep,

To sleep; perchance to dream!
Pumpkin pie!

Ay, there's the rub, for in that
sleep, what dream may come;

A pumpkin pie on horseback!

An enormous pumpkin about to
swallow us!

A great big pumpkin directing
traffic,

A pumpkin wearing spectacles!

Pumpkins here, pumpkins there,
pumpkins everywhere.

Pumpkins! Pumpkins! Pumpkins!

Hazel Dalton.



DRIP, DRIP, DRIP

(Apologies to Tennyson)

Drip, drip, drip
On the cold, wet walk, O sleet!
There's many a luckless person
You'll take from off his feet.

O well for the daughter of ease
That she rides in a snug machine.
O well for the cozy housewife
By whom the cold rain is seen.

Drip, drip, drip
On my wilting form, O sleet!
But I'll get right up after every
spill,
For I'll not take defeat.

Jo Timid.



THE FOOL

He is so funny. His eyes just
sparkle with all kinds of humor.
His face is painted white and
pink. Around his eyes large circles
of black are drawn. His lips are
thick and red. He is so funny!

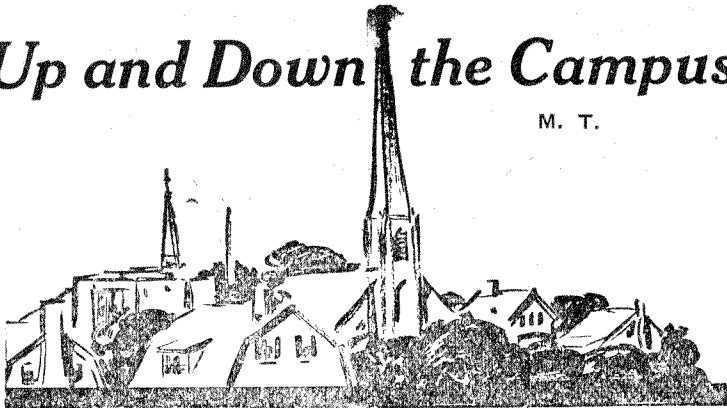
The people applaud him. Chil-
dren shout for him. The neighbor-
hood's toughest fight for him. And
he smiles. He turns somersaults
and comes up with a mouth cram-
med full of sawdust. The poor
fool!

There he goes back to the dress-
ing-room. Now look at his eyes.
The pathetic gleam in them makes
one think of tragedy. The weak
wan smile hovers about his lips
like the tapping of a blind man's
cane—never ceasing, unsteady, ner-
vous. His unseeing gaze drags its
way into your heart and leaves you
cold—bitter cold. Wearily he
stalks the floor—he and Death. He
hears a knock at the door. On with
the show! He throws back his
head and smiles again. And Death
plunges deeper into his heart. He
faces the audience once again.
They laugh with glee.

Solitude once more. This time
he laughs. The poor fool—a life-
less heap of gaudy trappings.

Up and Down the Campus

M. T.



The poor fish! One of our green little freshman, in writing of what the well-dressed man should wear, suggested that he copy the Prince of "Wales."

The social office has had its annual shower bath. Someone left the the water running above the office and like all well-behaved water it tried to find its own level.

The Southern girls say they haven't been expected to study when there is snow on the ground. We've discovered that we can't study. Show us a little Southern Hospitality and close college like they do when it snows.

Dr. Martin has at last granted something to the natural frailty of

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womankind. He admits that we can't be in two places at the same time—that is, in chapel and at the Opera.

We grieve for the general intelligence of mankind. We drew a handsome picture of a Beaver on the back of a letter to the boy friend, and he wanted to know what was the big idea of the skunk!

We think our printer is studying Esperanto. He uses the galley proofs to practice on. His latest creations are these: py rhomboc and Wha Tda LR.

Concerning women's rights:
The Man—But ladies can't be carpenters and masons— Pert Young Thing—What about the Eastern Star?

Someone in an agrieved tone raised objection to the fact that every one copied assignments from her neighbor. Upon being asked why she did not do the same answered "But I haven't any fountain pen."



LAUGHS

A Junior stood on a railroad track. The train was coming fast. The train got off the railroad track And let the Junior pass.

Student Recital

An evening recital will be given by the members of the Beaver College Conservatory of Music on Wednesday evening, December 14, at eight o'clock. Piano, vocal, and organ solos and ensemble numbers for two pianos and for piano and organ will feature on the program.

"An Evening of Music by American Composers" will be given by the Music students shortly after the conclusion of the Christmas vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Burton Piersol will give a song recital in costume, which promises to be interesting and unique, early in January.

Marion Codnor, soprano, Doris Penfield, reader, Beaver College Music Students, entertained at the meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Mt. Carmel Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening, December 6.

Edna Mae Allen, of the Beaver College Music faculty gave an organ recital, under the auspices of the Westminster Guild, Friday evening, December 9, at the Blainstown, N. J., Presbyterian Church. The program was as follows:

Allegro from Third Sonata, *Guilmant*
Orientale *Cui*
Hymn to the Sun, *Rimsky-Korsakoff*
Song of the Volga Boatmen, *arr. Cady*
WESTMINSTER GUILD CHORUS:
"De Coppah Moon," *H. R. Shelley*
"Reveries" *Oley Speaks*
"Creole Love Song," *E. B. Smith*
Sonata in A major *Mendelssohn*
Adoration *Borowski*
Serenade Badine *Gabriel-Marie*
Andante from Fifth Symphony, *Beethoven*
Allegro Pomposo *Galbraith*

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The third of a series of Student Recitals was given in the Beaver Auditorium, Tuesday afternoon, December 6, before a large audience. The well-delivered program follows:

Piano: Bagatelle in A Minor, *Beethoven*
Eleanor Good
Vocal: Songs My Mother Taught Me *Dvorak*
Doris Strole
Piano: Consolation *Mendelssohn*
Monica Hoover
Piano: Dusk Bound *Dunn*
Margaret Flory
Organ: Solace *Pease*
Helen McClellan
Vocal: Baby's Laugh, *Ward-Stephens*
Monica Hoover
Two Pianos: Sonata in C, (First Movement), *Mozart-Grieg*
Dorothy Reinhart and Ruth Snyder
Vocal: Love Everlasting *Friml*
Amelia Morgan
Piano: Barchetta *Nevin*
Eleanor Briggs
Organ: Intermezzo *Bizet*
Mary Frances Hedrick
Piano: Eroticon in A Flat, *Sjogren*
Ruth Snyder
Vocal: A Song of Thanksgiving *Allitsen*
Eleanor Good
Piano: Persian Song *Buhrmeister*
Gertrude Schwenkter

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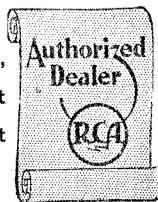
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Hike No. 2

The second number of our "See America First" tours is short and sweet. We don't know how short because our pedometer decided that, it being Saturday afternoon, he wouldn't work, but it isn't over three or four miles and can be done in an hour and fifteen minutes.

We begin at the Wyncote station. Is there anyone who doesn't know where the station is?—Information may be obtained at the social office. At the Wyncote Pharmacy (no, don't go in yet) turn right and follow Glenside avenue until you come to Keswick avenue. Don't let the hills discourage you, it's good training.

Turn to your left at Keswick and walk a few more blocks. (In case you haven't already guessed it, we're now in Glenside.) When you come to Waverly road, turn left again. This is really the prettiest part of the hike and you will be tempted to loiter and admire the perfectly darling homes along the way.

Pretty soon we arrive at a parting of the ways—one road goes one way and one the other. Take the other—Hewitt avenue, and before you know it you're back on Glenside avenue, right where you started from.

And look for the picture along the way.



QUESTIONS

When is a baby not a baby?
When it's a little cross.
When is a nose not a nose?
When it's a little redish.
What is a ship with two mates
and no captain? Courtship.
What squeals louder than a pig
under the fence? Two of them.

"THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID"

Tales of western settlers, Indians and bad men, nicely detailed murders, blood and thunder—there you have it and its name is "The Saga of Billy the Kid," by Walter Noble Burns.

The book is historically correct and written in such a forceful manner that it has given you the whole history of the west before you realize it. It is "Billy the Kid," who died at the age of twenty-one, but who killed twenty-one men before his death. He was a free-booter, cattle rustler, personal body guard to a minister, and general bad man. "Shoot first and ask afterward," was his motto. He was very good-looking, so we are told, with a charming manner and disarming smile. He died when he disregarded his motto, when he asked a name before he shot; and with his time passed the glorious days of open ranges, ready guns, and strolling cowboys.

E. Tofel.



Basketball

(Continued from Page 1)

Andersen, who shows remarkable ability as basketball material.

Interchangeable side-centers of last year's team, Virginia Rose and Mildred Shafer, are continuing to struggle for that position.

The first game of the season will be played in the Beaver College gymnasium, at Jenkintown, on Tuesday, December 13, with the Philadelphia School of Osteopathy.

Toy Shop

(Continued from Page 1)

centered about these children.

There was a cast of forty-six. Eleven girls took part in the chorus. Sis Beaman, as the Mamma Doll dances; Mildred Shafer and Tommy Thomas, as the Collegiate Dolls, sing. The Lanzara sisters: Mildred and Norma portrayed the Spanish Dolls. Mary Kearney did the Highland Fling and Ireta Watson with Doris Penfield performed as the Dutch Dolls. The Cat and Canary, by Irene Dudley and Ruth Jones, was very clever. Caddie Merritt did her well-known jig, and Virginia Rose and Roberta Shafer as Raggedy and Andy, made good entertainment.

Included in the cast were: Mildred Shafer, Thelma Thompson, Mary Jane Kearney, Mildred and Norma Lanzara, Velma Earhart, Nancy Cooke, Eleanor Krips, Kathryn Sheets, Olive McKeage, Alice Rutledge, Isabel Soper, Dorothy Wuchter, Marion Waseley, Eleanor Frank, Doris Penfield, Ireta Watson, Florence Sentman, Irene Ried, Ann Lampas, Sis Beaman, Peg Dunn, Margaret Bitterman, Ruth Jones, Irene Dudley, Virginia Rose, Virdee Bitterman, Eddie Caballero, Leuella McCloskey, Pauline Leopold, Eloise Page, Kit Wade, Dorothy Robinson, Marion Goodwin, Pauline

Kempe, Ruth Richardson, Gladys Wallgren, Peg Dioc, Arleen Johnson, Kay Hart, Lillian Allis, Pag Thomas, Francis Layman, Dorothy Foster, Mildren Rosdnhower and Helen Corcoran.

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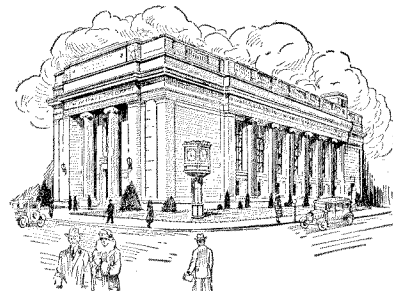
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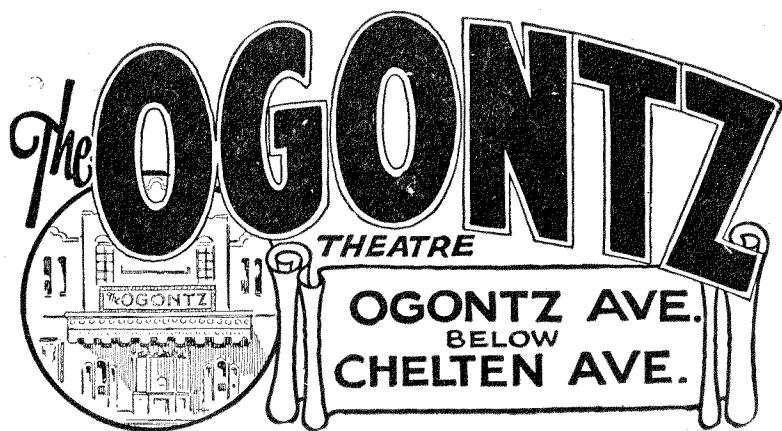
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